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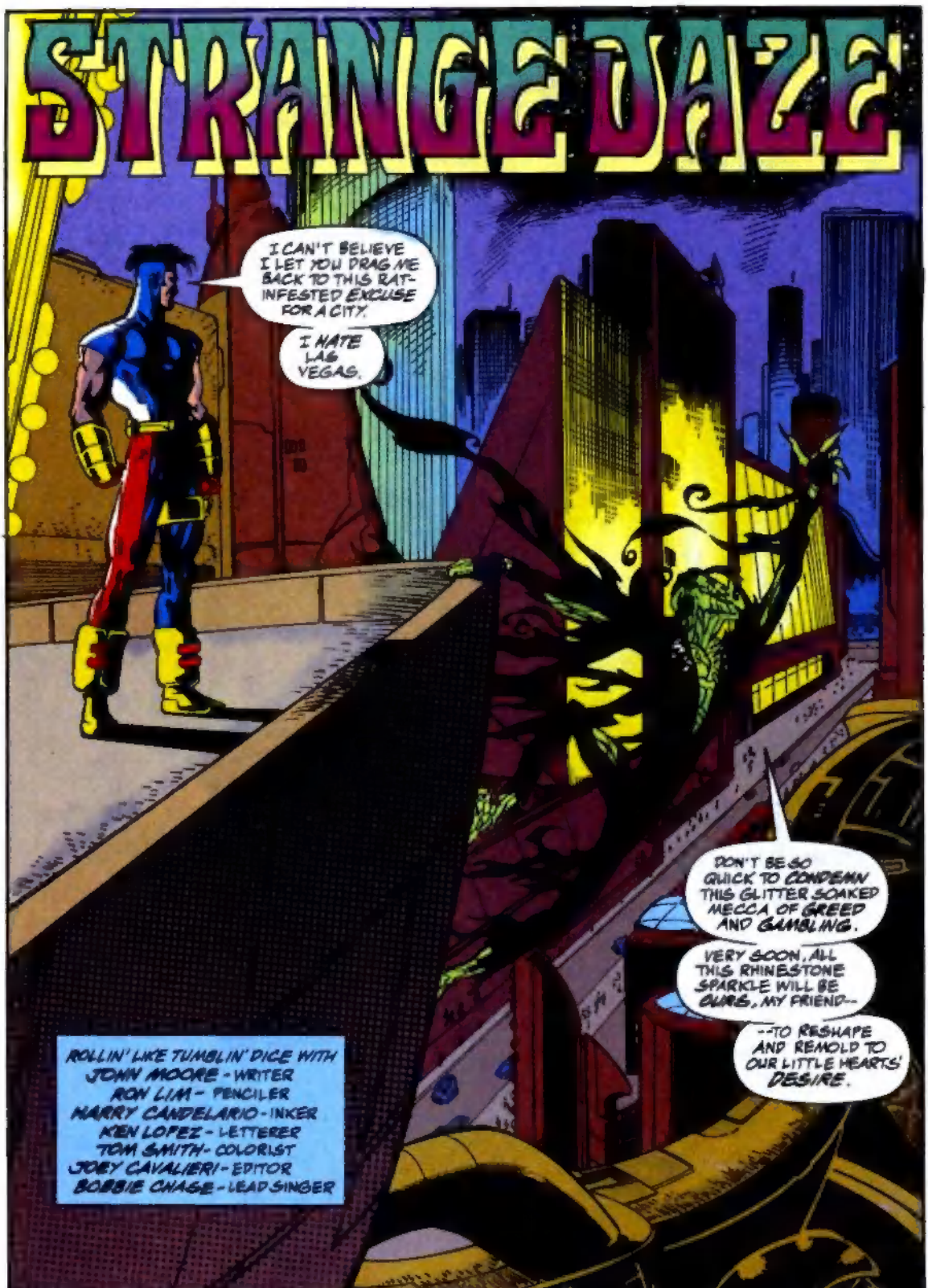
STRANGE DAZE
I CAN'T BELIEVE I LET YOU DRAG ME BACK TO THIS RAT-INFESTED EXCUSE FOR A CITY.
I HATE LAS VEGAS.
DON'T BE SO QUICK TO CONDEMN THIS GLITTER SOAKED MECCA OF GREED AND GAMBLING.
VERY SOON, ALL THIS RHINESTONE SPARKLE WILL BE OURS, MY FRIEND--
--TO RESHAPE AND REMOLD TO OUR LITTLE HEARTS' DESIRE.
ROLLIN' LIKE TUMBLIN' DICE WITH
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TO YOUR HEART'S DESIRE, JORDAN, NOT MINE.
I DON'T KNOW IF RIDING SHOTGUN ON MR. BOONE'S WILD RIDE WILL LET ME SLEEP AT NIGHT.
DEFINITELY THE CRAZIEST CAT.
I'VE KNOWN JORDAN BOONE SINCE OUR DAYS IN THE ALCHEMAX ACADEMY--
--BUT I'VE NO IDEA WHAT MADE HIM CHANGE FROM AN ARROGANT GENIUS TO A DANGEROUS PSYCHOPATH.
SO TELL ME... JACK...WHAT DO YOU HOPE TO GAIN BY TAKING OVER THIS TOWN?
JORDAN BOONE IS DEAD AND BURIED, HENRI--
--I'M HALLOWEEN JACK NOW--
--THE SWINGINGEST CAT TO HEADLINE THIS DULL DESERT OASIS SINCE OL' BLUE EYES WAS CLONED BACK IN '36.
MONEY?
POWER?
REVENGE, MY OLD FRIEND--

"--ON THE PEOPLE WHO MADE ME A MONSTER."
HOT!
GET OUT OF HERE! I DON'T WANT TO TALK TO YOU!
WHAT A PATHETIC CREATURE YOU'VE TURNED OUT TO BE, LYTTON.
STRUNG OUT ON SHRIEK, LIVING IN FILTH LIKE A COMMON JUNKIE.
OF COURSE, IF YOU HADN'T MURDERED OUR FATHER, YOU MIGHT BE RUNNING THE CASINO INSTEAD OF ME.
ISN'T IT ENOUGH YOU'VE LOCKED ME UP, DESDEMONA?
DO YOU HAVE TO TAUNT ME AS WELL?
YOU MADE MY LIFE MISERABLE GROWING UP, DEAR BROTHER. I'M HAPPY TO RETURN THE FAVOR.
LEAVE ME ALONE, YOU WITCH!
NOW, NOW, BROTHER. DON'T BE SUCH A CHILD OR I'LL HAVE TO CUT OFF YOUR PHARMACEUTICAL ALLOWANCE.
NO... NOT MY SHRIEK.
I NEED MY SHRIEK.
I REALLY NEED IT...

OH, LYTTON, IF ONLY YOU'D DO EVERYONE A FAVOR--
--AND OVERDOSE ON THE DEATHDRIP YOU CRAVE SO DESPERATELY.
STILL, I'M GRATEFUL THAT THE SHRIEK CONVINCED YOU THAT YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH ICING DADDY DEAREST.
I WORRIED THAT OLD COWBOY WOULD OUTLIVE US BOTH, DENYING US OUR RIGHTFUL SHARE OF THE CASINO.
AND NOW I HAVE IT ALL...
SPLUSH
AAAAAAHHH...
VUHOOOOSH
ADJUST AIRFLOW. I FEEL A BREEZE.
IT'S NOT THE WIND THAT CALLS YOUR NAME, MY LITTLE NAMORITA.

IT'S HALLOWEEN JACK AND HIS FAITHFUL INDIAN COMPANION, TONTO.
VERY FUNNY, JACK.
SECURITY!
HOW DID YOU GET IN HERE?
TOURIST SHUTTLE. PART OF A PACKAGE DEAL. WE GET TO SEE CELESTIA AMBERLYN TONIGHT.
SCREAM ALL YOU WANT, DESDEMONA. WE'VE DISMANTLED YOUR SUITE'S VOICECOM.
IT'S BETTER OUR CONVERSATION BE PRIVATE.
YOU DON'T MIND IF WE GET COZY, DO YOU?
I RECOGNIZE MEANSTREAK AS ONE OF XIAN'S MUTANT PACK.
BUT WHO THE SHOCK ARE YOU?
DON'T BE COY, DESDEMONA DARLING. YOU REMEMBER ME.
WE'RE OLD AND DEAR FRIENDS.

NEED A HINT?
--AND THE GUEST WHO REFUSED TO LEAVE.
LOKI. THE SELF-PROCLAIMED GOD WHO TRIED TO RIP OFF MY CASINO.
YOU ESCAPED ONCE. WHY'D YOU RISK COMING BACK? MONEY?
I'M THE CAT WHO ATE THE CANARY--
--THE GRINCH WHO STOLE CHRISTMAS--
--THE MAN WHO SOLD THE WORLD--
NO, NOTHING QUITE SO MUNDANE. MY PLANS ARE FAR MORE SPECTACULAR--
COOL THE HARDSELL, JACK--
--SHE JUST TRIPPED AN ALARM IN HER BRACELET.
DON'T LET MY CHARMING SMILE FOOL YOU. I CAN AND WILL HURT YOU IF YOU CROSS ME AGAIN.
I'M NOT BLUFFING. THIS IS NOT A POKER FACE.

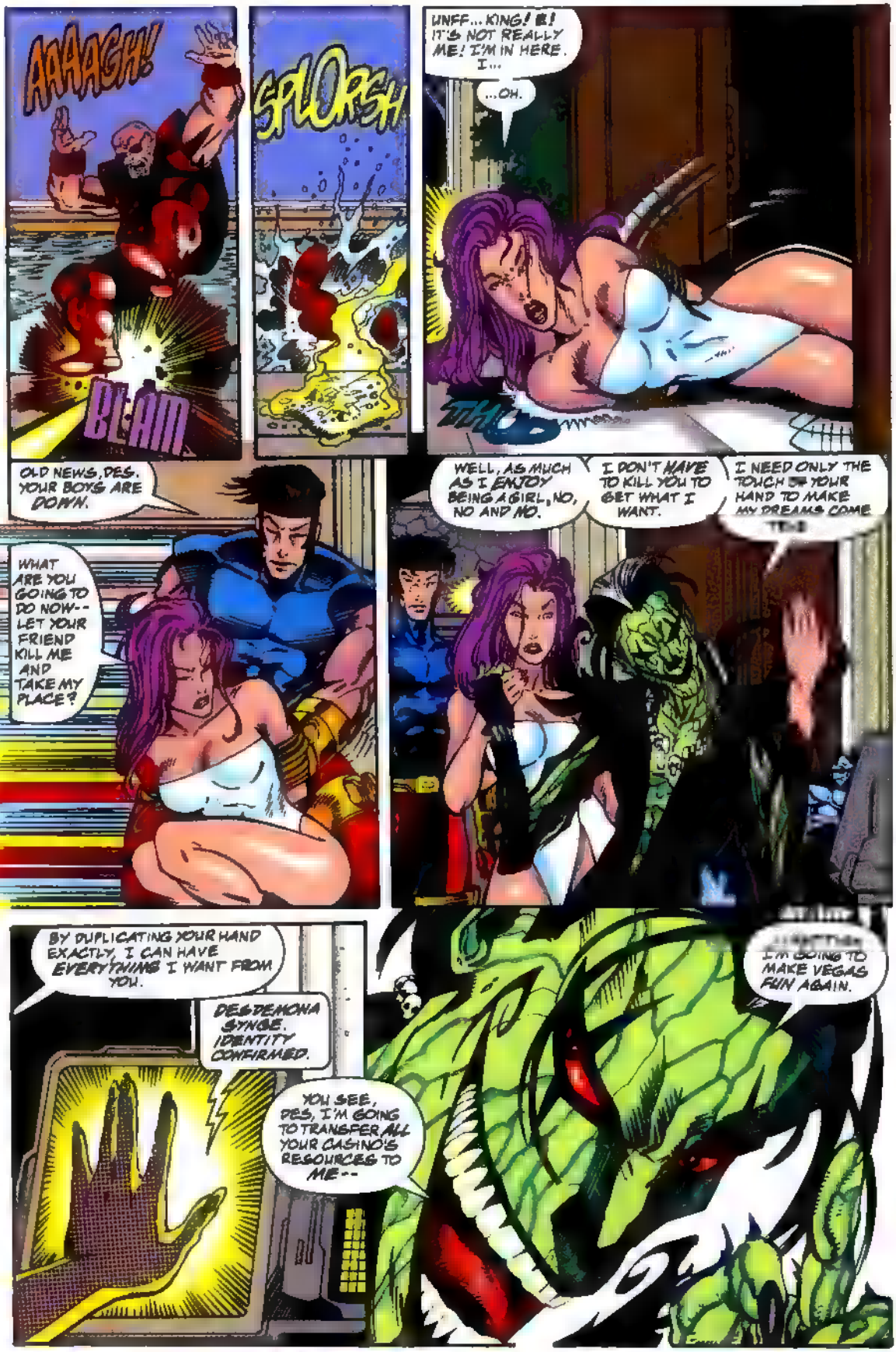
CHAO PHRAYA THAI
YOUR PRIVATE ROOM IS READY, MINISTER OGADA.
AND MAY I OFFER MY CONDOLENCES TO YOU AND YOUR SISTER.
YOUR FATHER WAS A FRIEND TO ME, AND TO ALL THE PEOPLE OF THIS CITY.
THANK YOU, MR. CHAKRI. YOUR SYMPATHY IS MUCH APPRECIATED--
--AS IS YOUR SUPPORT IN THIS TIME OF TRANSITION.
POLITICKING, ZAK? AND THIS SOON AFTER THE FUNERAL?
DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S A LITTLE... TACKY?
OAKLAND LOST ONE OF ITS FOUNDATIONS WHEN OUR FATHER DIED. UNITY IS IMPORTANT NOW MORE THAN EVER.
I CANNOT LET THE HOUSE HE BUILT BE FELLED BY INTERNAL STRIFE OR OUTSIDE AGITATION.
LIKE THE BERKELEY EXTREMISTS WHO ARE SEEDING THE RAIN WITH HALLUCINOGENS?
WE HAVE ONE OF THOSE CRIMINALS IN CUSTODY ALREADY. IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE...
WHAT?
YOU'RE STILL WEARING MOTHER'S MJOLNIR.
IT REMINDS ME OF HER.

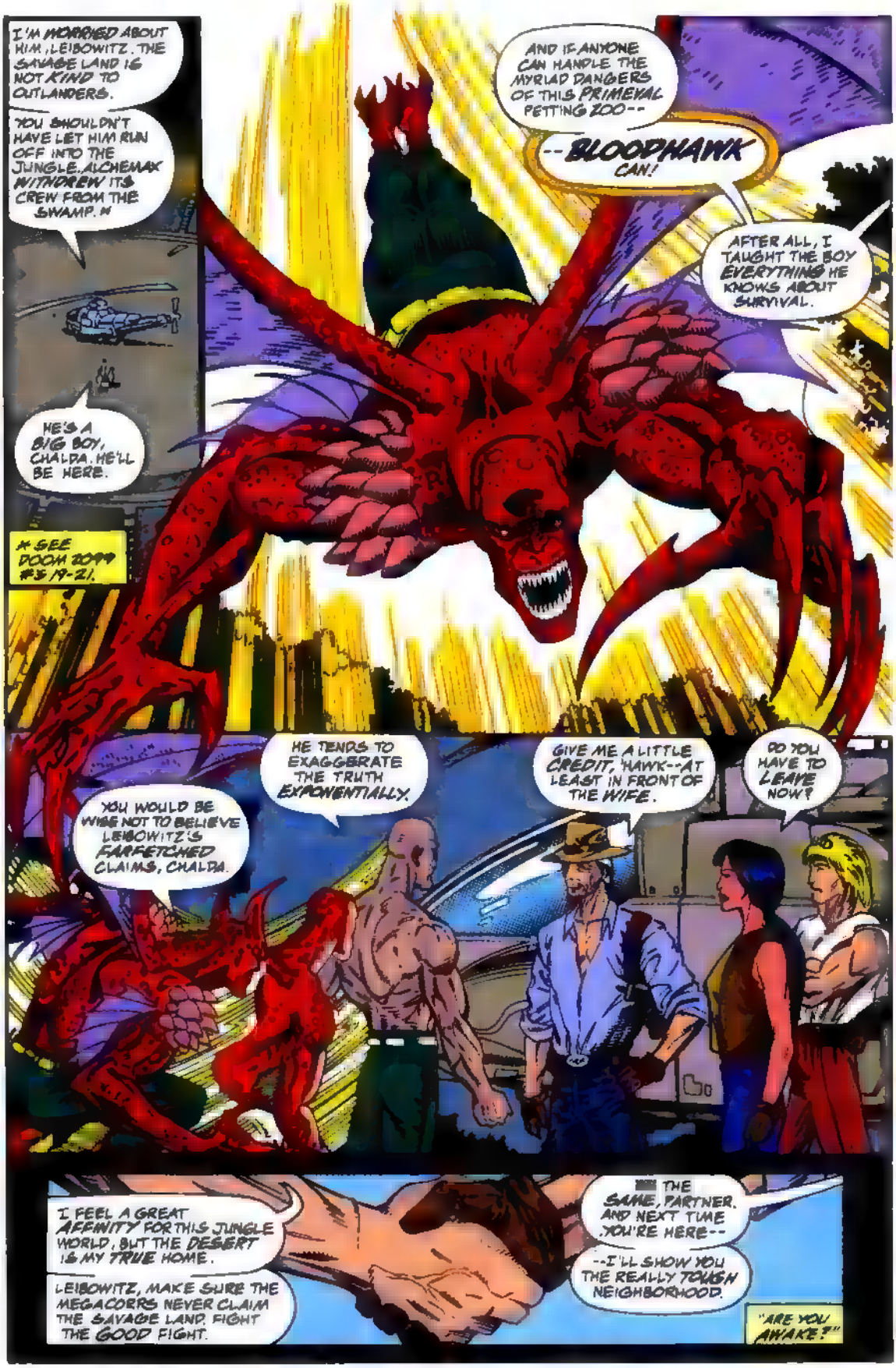
THAT'S WHY SHE LEFT HIM-- BUT LET'S NOT ARGUE ABOUT THIS OVER DINNER.
YOU'RE RIGHT. YOUR RETURN IS A GOOD OMEN.
THERE'S SO MUCH YOU CAN DO AS A PANTHER.
ZAK, I'M NOT READY TO LEAVE MY FRIENDS.
YOU'VE NO REASON TO ALLY YOURSELF WITH MUTANT OUTLAWS, KRYS.
YOU ARE THE DAUGHTER OF ANDRE OGA--
SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS!
SHRRRIIPP
WHAT?
DAZE. ONE OF THE TECHNO-ANARCHISTS I TOLD YOU ABOUT--

WE PREFER THE TERM FREE RADICAL, MINISTER.
BY ANY NAME, YOUR KIND IS A BLIGHT ON SOCIETY.
BECAUSE WE REFUSE TO BOW TO THE FASCIST RULE OF ALL GOVERNMENTS AND CORPORATIONS--
--INCLUDING YOU WAKANDAN WANNABES?
SPANG
STAY BACK, KRYS. LET ME HANDLE THIS.
DON'T BE STUPID, ZAK. I CAN HELP YOU.
A SWEET GESTURE OF SIBLING SOLIDARITY--
--BUT POINTLESS IN THE END.
MY OWN BLEND. SAVOR THE AROMA IN THE SECONDS BEFORE YOU LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS.
KAFF-KAFF-- GAS--
BLOOOMF
DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL ONLY FEEL MILDLY NAUSEOUS WHEN YOU COME TO--
"THAT ALARM MEANS WE'VE BEEN CALLED FOR A COMMAND PERFORMANCE, GENTLEMEN..."

...AND THE RATPACK ALWAYS MAKES A PROFESSIONAL ENTRANCE.
MR. ENTERTAINMENT, SUICIDE KING, GO LEFT. DEALER, COVER THE POOL.
ALL RIGHT, WHO'S READY TO FEEL THE LOVE I HAVE COURSING THROUGH MY GLOVES?
NOT ME, E. I'M STILL ACHING FROM THE LAST TIME I SHOOK HANDS WITH THOSE NEURAL-SHOCK MITTS.
CAN IT, SQUIRT. OUR BOSS PUSHED THE PANIC BUTTON, AND OUR PRIORITY IS TO FIND HER.
LET ME SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE.
YOU'RE LATE, BOYS. I HAD TO TAKE CARE OF THINGS MYSELF.
PLEASE DON'T HURT ME.
HEY, IT'S ONE OF THOSE MUTANTS. GEEZ, DO THESE GENESCRAPES [redacted] LEARN?
SOMETHING'S WRONG ABOUT THIS. THAT'S THE SPEEDFREAK. WHY ISN'T HE RUNNING AWAY FROM--
SMART. THERE'S A REASON THEY MADE YOU CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD.
ARGH!
KCHOW
GEEZ, BOSS, WHY'D YA GO AND SHOOT THE CHAIRMAN?

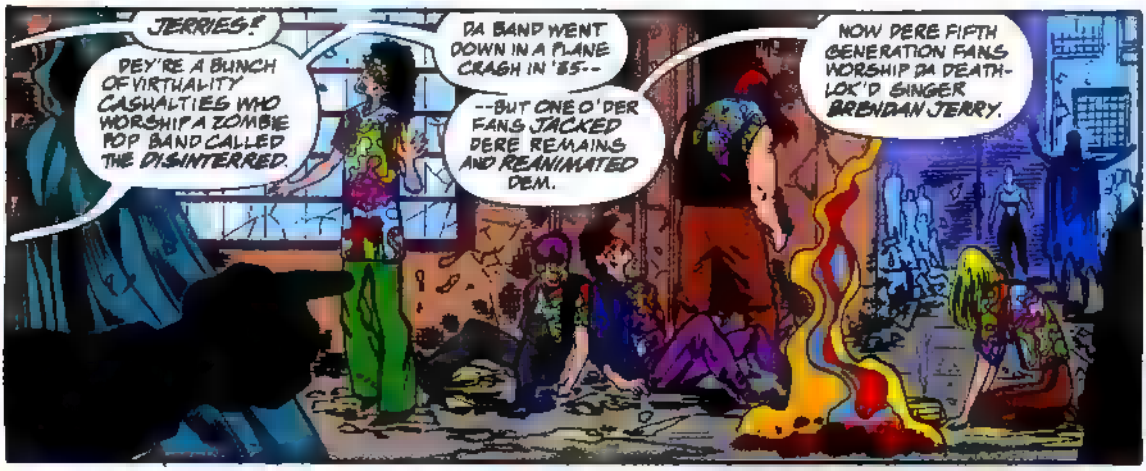
URRFFF...
WHUMP
MY GUN!
MAYBE BECAUSE SHE'S TIRED OF PAYING YOU SO-CALLED ELITE FOR THE SLOPPY WORK YOU DO.
CONFUSED, E? PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP. I'M NOT YOUR BOSS. GET IT?
OOOH, THAT ONE MIGHT LEAVE A SCAR.
SCRITCH
ONE TO GO. SHOULD I SAY ONE-HALF?
GIVE ME THE POPGUN, HENRI.
JACK, YOU DON'T HAVE TO...
OF COURSE I DO. THE LITTLE FIREPLUG SHOT ME OUT OF THE SKY WITH SCATTERSHOT THREE DAYS AGO. THAT HURTS.
I OWE HIM.
YOU'RE THE SHAPESHIFTER.
HEY, NOTHING PERSONAL, PAL, I WAS JUST DOING MY...


AAAAGH!
BLAM
SPLORSH
UNFF... KING! R! IT'S NOT REALLY ME! I'M IN HERE. I...
...OH.
THUD
OLD NEWS, DES. YOUR BOYS ARE DOWN.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO NOW-- LET YOUR FRIEND KILL ME AND TAKE MY PLACE?
WELL, AS MUCH AS I ENJOY BEING A GIRL, NO, NO AND NO.
I DON'T HAVE TO KILL YOU TO GET WHAT I WANT.
I NEED ONLY THE TOUCH OF YOUR HAND TO MAKE MY DREAMS COME TRUE.
BY DUPLICATING YOUR HAND EXACTLY, I CAN HAVE EVERYTHING I WANT FROM YOU.
DES DEMONA SYNOE. IDENTITY CONFIRMED.
YOU SEE, DES, I'M GOING TO TRANSFER ALL YOUR CASINO'S RESOURCES TO ME--
I'M GOING TO MAKE VEGAS FUN AGAIN.

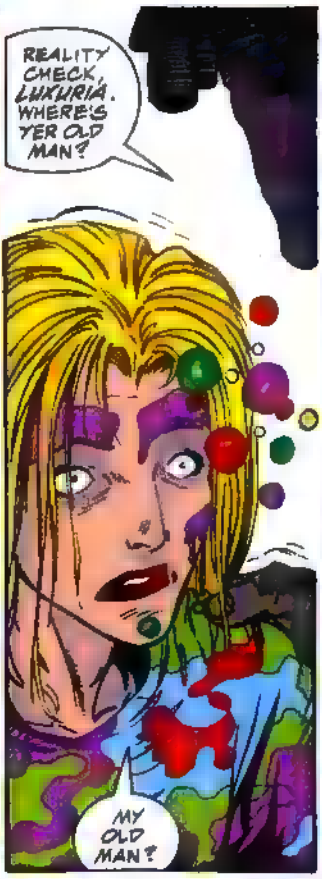

I'M WORRIED ABOUT HIM, LEIBOWITZ. THE SAVAGE LAND IS NOT KIND TO OUTLANDERS.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE LET HIM RUN OFF INTO THE JUNGLE. ALCHEMAX WITHDREW ITS CREW FROM THE SWAMP.*
HE'S A BIG BOY, CHALDA. HE'LL BE HERE.
* SEE DOOM 2099 #5 /9-21.
AND IF ANYONE CAN HANDLE THE MYRIAD DANGERS OF THIS PRIMEVAL PETTING ZOO--
--BLOODHAWK CAN!
AFTER ALL, I TAUGHT THE BOY EVERYTHING HE KNOWS ABOUT SURVIVAL.
YOU WOULD BE WISE NOT TO BELIEVE LEIBOWITZ'S FARFETCHED CLAIMS, CHALDA.
HE TENDS TO EXAGGERATE THE TRUTH EXPONENTIALLY.
GIVE ME A LITTLE CREDIT, 'HAWK--AT LEAST IN FRONT OF THE WIFE.
DO YOU HAVE TO LEAVE NOW?
I FEEL A GREAT AFFINITY FOR THIS JUNGLE WORLD, BUT THE DESERT IS MY TRUE HOME.
LEIBOWITZ, MAKE SURE THE MEGACORPS NEVER CLAIM THE SAVAGE LAND. FIGHT THE GOOD FIGHT.
[redacted] THE SAME, PARTNER. AND NEXT TIME YOU'RE HERE--
--I'LL SHOW YOU THE REALLY TOUGH NEIGHBORHOOD.
"ARE YOU AWAKE?"

UHHH... I THINK SO. YOU'RE MIKO, RIGHT? ZAK'S LIEUTENANT.
WHERE IS ZAK?
GONE. THE OWNER SAID AFTER THE SMOKE CLEARED, ONLY YOU REMAINED.
TELL ME WHAT HAPPENED.
SOMEONE NAMED DAZE. WHAT'S THIS?
DON'T TOUCH THAT! IT WAS LEFT BY THE KIDNAPPERS!
KITTENS OF THE PANTHER, WE HAVE THE OPPRESSOR ZAKARII OSADA.
IF YOU WISH TO SEE HIM ALIVE IN THIS MILLENNIUM, YOU MUST RELEASE BILLY THE KID--
--A POLITICAL PRISONER UNJUSTLY HELD BY THE FASCIST STATE OF OAKLAND.
THIS IS HOW THEY DELIVER A RANSOM NOTE?
THE [redacted] RADICALS LOVE THEIR TECHNO [redacted] THEY'RE A GROUP OF SOCIOPATHIC GENIUSES.
THEN WE HAVE TO FIND ZAK [redacted] THEY HURT HIM.
LEAVE THE MINISTERS RETURN TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE PANTHER. YOU WOULD ONLY BE IN THE WAY.
RIGHT.

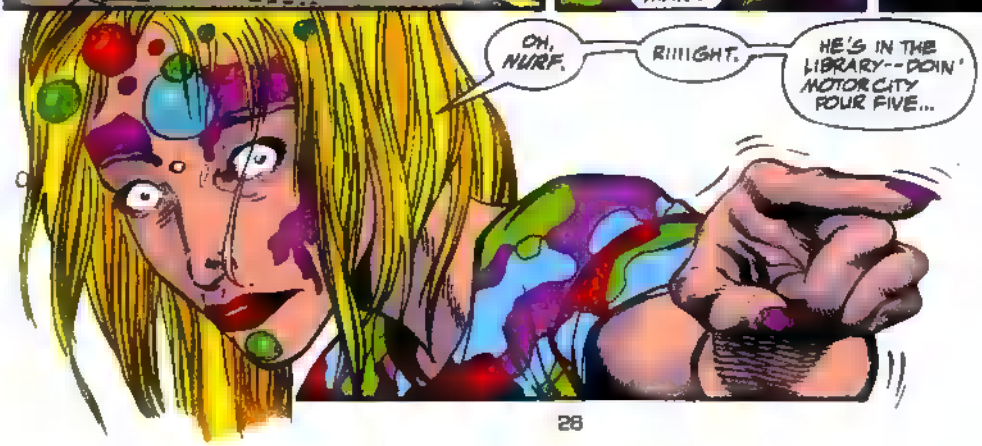
TELEGRAPH AVENUE'S WORSE THAN I REMEMBERED. MORE RHAPSODY HEARS AND SHRIEKBACKS HUDDLING IN CORNERS.
ALL DE NOMADS CYCLE TRU 'ERE. I BRING MY CATCH TO [redacted] STREET FAIR, BUT MOSTLY DEY BARTER 'ERE.
I HAVE BETTER LUCK IN U.I.T.O. MARINES CARRY SKYWALKER PLASTIC. "ACCEPTED ALL OVER DE WORLD."
HEY, VERILY. BROTHERS AND SISTERS, HAVE YOU HEARD THE THE MOST EXCELLENT NEWS"
THE GOD OF THUNDER DIED NIGHTILY FOR YOUR SINS--
--SO HOW 'BOUT CONTRIBUTING TO THE WELL OF MIMIR--
UNGH!!
NOT IN DIS LIFETIME, LONG 'A!R.
SAME OLD HAVANA.
SORRY, GIRL, I BEEN DODGIN' EV'RY STREET CULT ANGLIN' FOR CHANGE SINCE I'S KNEE'IGH.
YOU THINK THOR WANNA COME BACK TO A BUNCH OF PAN'ANDLERS? SURE 'E DOES.
SO WHY'D YOU BRING [redacted] HERE?
YOU WANNA KNOW ABOUT D'FREE RADICALS. ONLY ONE PLACE [redacted] GO FOR UNDERGROUND INFO LIKE DAT.
GOTTA TALK TO THE JEARIES.

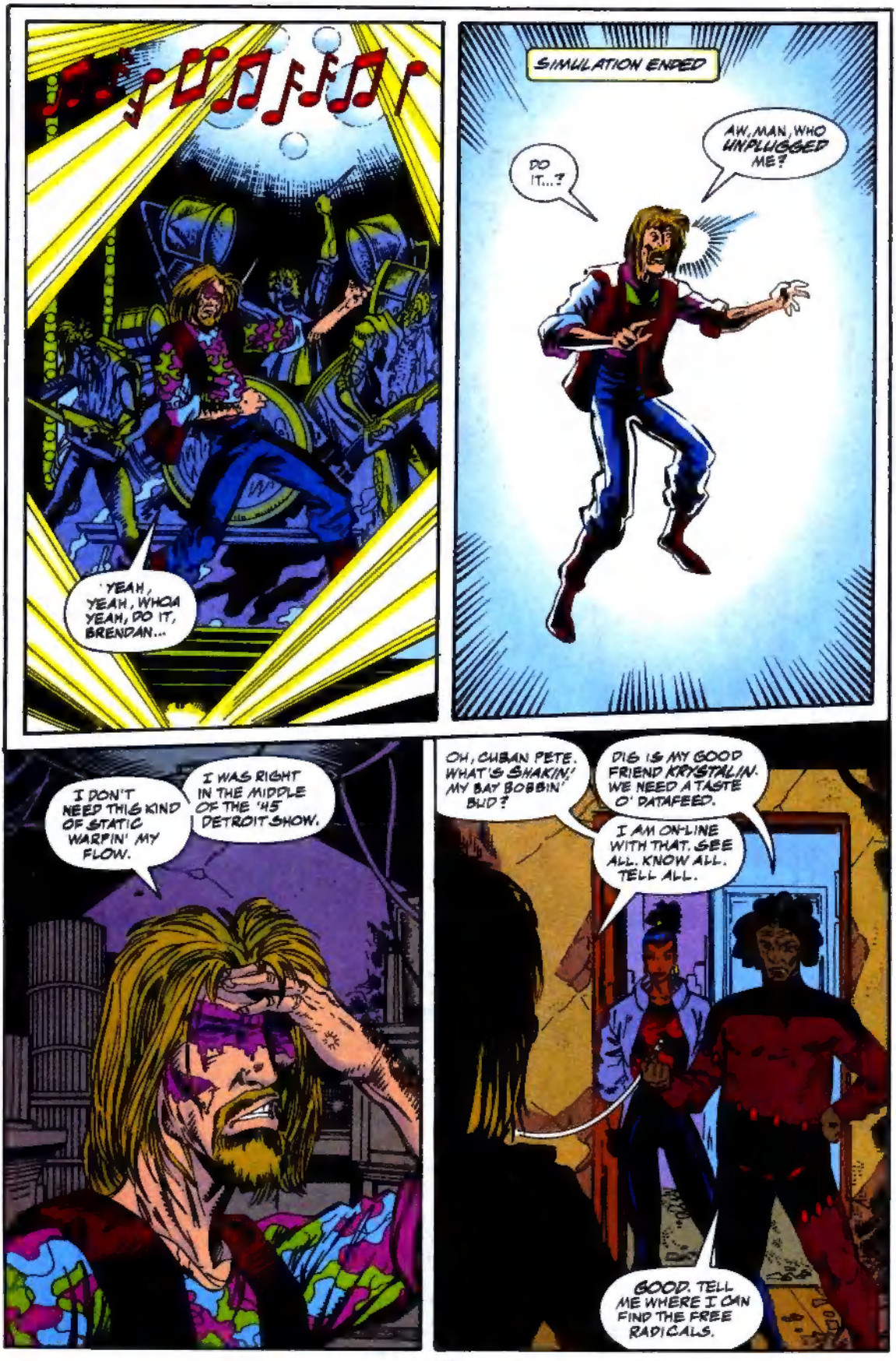

JERRIES!
DEY'RE A BUNCH OF VIRTHALITY CASUALTIES WHO WORSHIP A ZOMBIE POP BAND CALLED THE DISINTERRED.
DA BAND WENT DOWN IN A PLANE CRASH IN '85--
--BUT ONE O' DER FANS JACKED DERE REMAINS AND REANIMATED DEM.
NOW DERE FIFTH GENERATION FANS WORSHIP DA DEATH-LOX'D SINGER BRENDAN JERRY.

AND THEY CAN HELP US?
DEY TRAFFIC INFO TO SUPPORT [redacted] DEVOTIONAL OF [redacted] TO THE BAND.

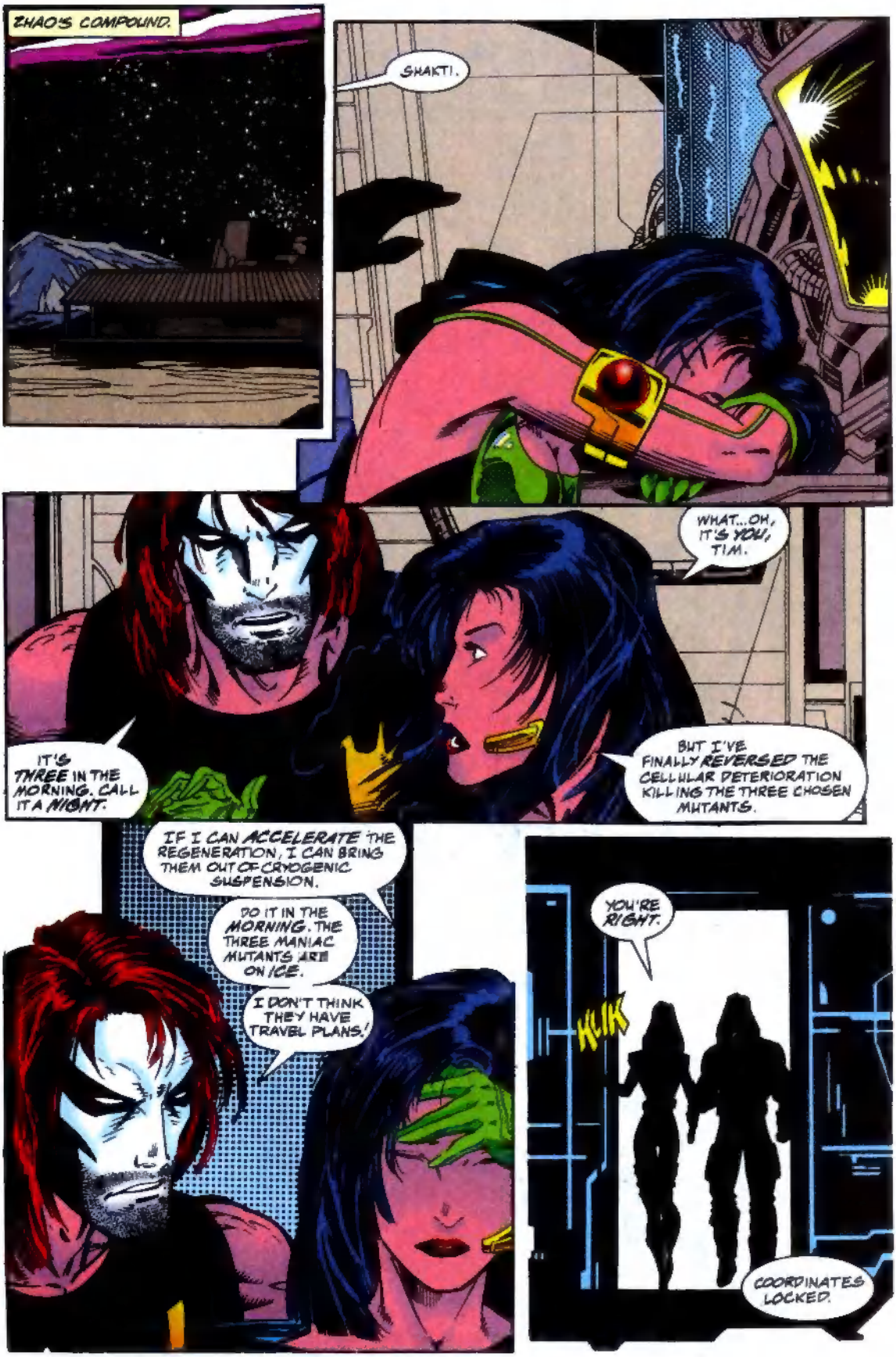

REALITY CHECK, LUXURIA. WHERE'S YER OLD MAN?
MY OLD MAN?

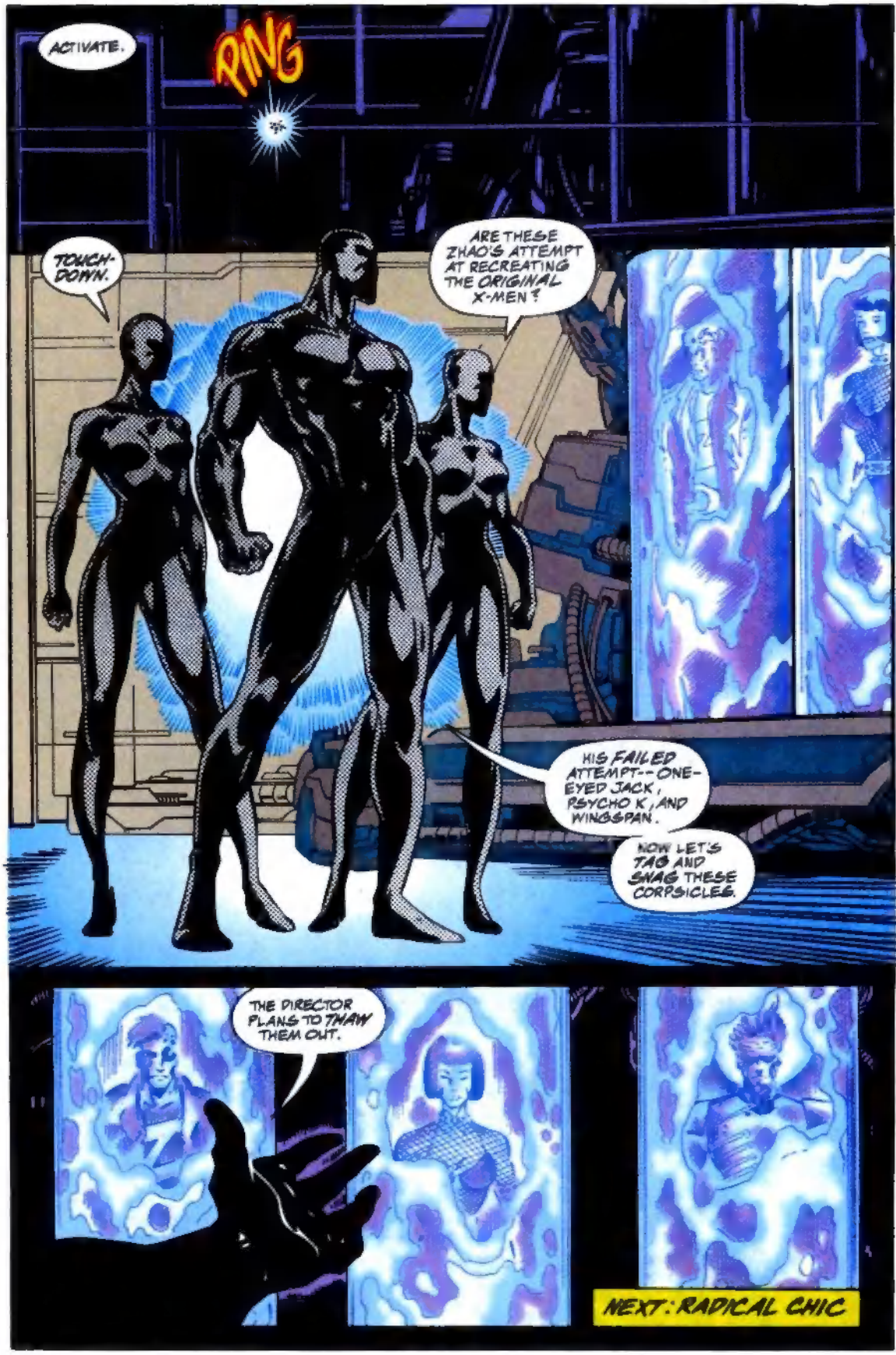
OH YEAH, THESE ARE PEOPLE I TRUST TO GET THEIR FACTS STRAIGHT.
NURF, MOONBEAM. WHERE'S NURF?


OH, NURF.
R!!!IGHT.
HE'S IN THE LIBRARY--DOIN' MOTOR CITY FOUR FIVE...


YEAH, YEAH, WHOA YEAH, DO IT, BRENDAN...
SIMULATION ENDED
DO IT...?
AW, MAN, WHO UNPLUGGED ME?
I DON'T NEED THIS KIND OF STATIC WARPIN' MY FLOW.
I WAS RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE '45 DETROIT SHOW.
OH, CUBAN PETE. WHAT'S SHAKIN', MY BAY BOBBIN' BUD?
DIG IS MY GOOD FRIEND KRYSTAL-IN. WE NEED A TASTE O' DATAFEED.
I AM ON-LINE WITH THAT. SEE ALL. KNOW ALL. TELL ALL.
GOOD. TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THE FREE RADICALS.

NO WAY, DUDETTE, THE RADS ARE BAD NEWS.
MESS WITH THEM AND YOU GET SCRAMBLED.
WE GOT GOOD TRADE, AMIGO.
I BEEN THROUGH YOUR SCRAP, HAVANA. I DOUBT YOU CAN MATCH MY PRICE.
THIS IS SOMETHING YOU CAN'T GET IN A BOOTH ON TELEGRAPH OR DREDGE OUT OF THE BAY.
AND NURF... I DON'T DO THESE FOR JUST ANYONE.
BUT I CAN TELL YOU HAVE A SOPHISTICATED AESTHETIC.
WHOA. THE COLORS. THAT'S MONDO WILD.
OKAY, AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGMENT--I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE RADS.
--BUT WHEN THIS TURNS INTO A MEGA-BAD TRIP, DON'T SAY I DIDN'T HAZARDLIGHT YOU.


ZHAO'S COMPOUND.
SHAKTI.
WHAT...OH, IT'S YOU, TIM.
IT'S THREE IN THE MORNING. CALL IT A NIGHT.
BUT I'VE FINALLY REVERSED THE CELLULAR DETERIORATION KILLING THE THREE CHOSEN MUTANTS.
IF I CAN ACCELERATE THE REGENERATION, I CAN BRING THEM OUT OF CRYOGENIC SUSPENSION.
DO IT IN THE MORNING. THE THREE MANIAC MUTANTS ARE ON ICE.
I DON'T THINK THEY HAVE TRAVEL PLANS!
YOU'RE RIGHT.
KLIK
COORDINATES LOCKED.


ACTIVATE.
RING
TOUCH-DOWN.
ARE THESE ZHAO'S ATTEMPT AT RECREATING THE ORIGINAL X-MEN?
HIS FAILED ATTEMPT--ONE-EYED JACK, PSYCHO K, AND WINGSPAN.
NOW LET'S TAG AND SNAG THESE CORPSICLES.
THE DIRECTOR PLANS TO THAW THEM OUT.
NEXT: RADICAL CHIC